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Title: Attonement

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A lone figure sat in the darkness of the study. No candles were lit, no sunlight entered the domicile. The Tyrany sat upon his throne in the gloom as he silently meditated. As his thoughts ebbed, a voice entered his mind.

"Foooorgiiiiiveneeeeessss..."

Cthulu's mind began to stir. "Who dares invade my thoughts? I DEMAND an answer!", the words roared in his head.

Almost as if it were second nature, and without waiting a reply, he erected mental barriers and traps in his psyche.

"Foooorgiiiiiveneeeeessss...", was the only reply.

Angered at the mental intrusion, the necromancer probed the dark recesses of his mind in search of the trespasser. "You'll answer me, or perish", he thought as he searched. With that, an image appeared. A ghostly, wraith-like being, with a twisted and tortured expression on its face. Heavy chains with razor sharp barbs held the being in place as it swayed in the ether.

"Foooorgiiiiiveneeeeessss... pleeeease."

The ghost moved in

unnatural ways as it continued. "I wiissh to atoooone. I wiiissh for the paaaain to ceeeease. Foooorgiiiiiveneeeeessss..."

As the shade vanished, the void it left was filled with scenery from the isle of Haven. Finally, the images faded into darkness. The Tyrant of Enmity opened his eyes, grabbed his hat, then made his way to Caina. "More information will surley await there. " he thought as he vanished into thin air.